

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1856.

VOL. 2.--NO. 41.

**EVERMORE.**  
The streamlet murmured soft and low  
Murmuring 'mid the shadowing trees,  
And as its gentle tone arose,  
Lifted by the slightest breeze,  
I sat upon a moss-grown stone,  
That served the streamlet for a shore,  
And bent my ear to catch the tone,  
As low it whispered, "Evermore."  
And 'mid the flowers and through the green,  
With careless haste it passed along,  
Nor lurking back the rocky steep,  
Could stay the cadence of its song;  
A rainbow sat upon the spray,  
The messenger of harm no more;  
The water bounded on its way,  
And still repeated "Evermore."  
The streamlet grew a mighty tide,  
Fed by a thousand mountain rills,  
And mirrored in its moving waves,  
The forest of a thousand hills,  
But as the boatman chants his song,  
Timed to the plashing of the oar,  
Tuneless notes the waves prolong,  
And echo sweetly, "Evermore."  
So, soft and low in early days,  
So, roughly tost in youthful strife;  
So, broad and deep in later years,  
Flow on the hastening stream of life,  
Our bark afloat, the current strong,  
We drift not slowly towards the shore,  
And each fresh gale that wafts along,  
Repeats more clear the startling song,  
List! list! what means it? "Evermore."

### THE THREE GHOSTS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

Round a cheerful wood fire, in a quaint old country house, three sisters sat talking in the twilight. The bright blaze illumined the room, in which a few portraits were hanging, and cast grotesque shadows from the old-fashioned furniture. The ruddy glow lighted up the lovely faces of the sisters, enjoying its cheerfulness.

Very charming were they all, but very different in their beauty.

Margaret, the eldest—she who sits to the right of the fire, with her head thrown partly back, while her hands were crossed upon her knees, is about twenty-two. She is tall, stately, and proudly beautiful. Sophie, "pretty Sophie," sits opposite on a sofa with the head of little Rose, who is reclining on her lap.

Little Rose, the youngest, with neither Margaret's queenly grace, nor Sophie's brilliant beauty, was what ladies call "a darling"—that is, she was lovable, charming, and innocent. In fact she was fresh and sweet as a hawthorn blossom.

These three young girls were singularly situated. They resided in the old homestead, where we have found them, alone, except for the servants who attended them. Father and mother had both died within a few years, and as there was no relation to supply, even in a measure, their places, the orphan sisters clung yet more closely to each other, and continued to live in their desolate home, like birds who nestle together in the old nest when the parent birds have left them.

Thomas, an old and faithful man-servant and Kitty Cork, (a person notwithstanding her juvenile name, of middle age and tried fidelity) were their only domestics—but they sufficed, for their labors were performed in the spirit of love and willingness.

Such was the little household of the sisters—and there they were settled—for life. For, be it known to you, incredulous reader, that each of the fair sisterhood was under a solemn vow of celibacy.

When their father and mother died and left them all alone in the world, they took each other by the hand and solemnly promised never to desert each other, but to live and die together.

Three years had passed since that time, and though their loneliness had attracted suitors even to their quiet, lonely home, no wish had ever been breathed by any of the sisters of a wish to break their vow.

On the contrary, they often applauded their wisdom in devising it, and swore fealty to it anew.

Some such conversation had taken place on the very evening I had chosen to introduce them to my readers. Indeed, they were more than usually vehement in the denunciations of any treason to their code. Margaret's eyes had flashed indignantly at the very thought of such treachery—Sophie had painted most touchingly the lonely state of the other two—should one be base enough to desert—and little Rose had declared, "That even if Prince Charming himself should come flying into the room in a golden chariot, and were to fall at her feet all crowned with diamonds, she would not waver the least mite—but should say very coldly, 'Rise, Prince Charming, you can't have me, I have promised my sisters never to marry.'"

Margaret and Sophie laughed at little Rose's sally, and the greatest unanimity appeared to prevail.

While they sat over the fire discussing the subject, Kitty Cork entered with a basket of chestnuts, saying,

"If you please, laddies, Thomas bids me give yees these nuts. He's after pickin' them himself and he says as it's Hollow-Ave ye'll be thyrin' yer fortunes, good or bad—and his wishin' ye gude luck and gude husbands be is."

"Does not Thomas know?" began Margaret with a frown.

"Oo—ay—he knows," interrupted Kitty with a slight toss of the head—but immediately repeating this imprudent gesture, she added with rough demureness—

"Och, but Thomas is a quare, headstrong, odd body. Puir, odd sowl, he has ay his cranck and whims—and ane is, ye'll a' three

o' yees be married afore a year's out. Unfortunint, demintid craythur that he is, to take sich an a crazy fancy."

"Crazy indeed!" said Margaret, with disdain, but yet when Kitty was gone, the girls began, "just for fun," to try the nuts in the old-fashioned manner. True, no names were mentioned aloud, but that did not prevent each maiden from designating her nuts as she pleased—and certainly the most intense interest was manifested in the glow on each youthful face as it watched the antic manœuvres of the mimic lovers in the symbolical pantomime.

Kitty returned to find them engaged in this inconsistent amusement, but like a wise damsel she took no note of trifling discrepancies. She on the contrary, proposed that as they were trying Ave games, they should at a later hour, before going to bed, try the famous old one of sowing hemp-seed by moonlight.

"What is it I do you do it?" cried the sisters, and Kitty went on to explain, how that the girl who would look into the future as to her fate, must go by night, alone, and beyond the hearing of her friends, and scattering hemp-seed in the moonlight, must say,

"Hemp-seed I sow,  
Hemp-seed must grow,  
Whoever will be my true love come after meow"  
And then on looking over her right shoulder, she would see the man she was to marry, coming after her with a great scythe mowing—and who would most surely overtake her and cut her heels off with the weapon, if she paused too long to look.

"You forgot, Kitty, we are never going to have any husbands," remarked Sophie, when Kitty paused in her explanations.

"Och, well, then, no harm done," was the response—"if yees to have no husbands, no husbands will come and ye'll no risk your heels."

The sisters were in a humor for a frolic, and would have ventured a trial on the spot, but the all important Kitty stopped them.

"What an a time's this for such a thing, it's no yet eight o'clock, and the mune's no up—the earliest hour ever I seen it tried was ten o'clock, and the midnight hour is better still."

The girls consented to wait a more propitious hour, and returned to their fireside chat. Kitty retired to the kitchen, where she whispered a long tale in Thomas' ear. The latter listened, nodded his head sagaciously—took up his hat and went out.

Ten o'clock at length struck, and the sisters as eager as ever for a frolic, called Kitty. She appeared after a little delay, bringing with her three baskets of hemp-seed, one of which she gave to each fair adventurer, with renewed instructions. Miss Margaret was desired to issue from the front door, Rose from the back and Sophie from the side. They were about to set off, when Thomas, who stood silently observing all, said gruffly,

"That's wrong, Kitty—Miss Rose is to go by the side, and Miss Sophie from the back."

"True for yez, Thomas, and my heart's in my very mouth of fright at the plunther."

"Why, Kitty, what difference can it possibly make?" inquired the girls.

Kitty made no intelligible answer—but she mumbled something like,

"Gae the right gate, and ye'll mate the right guist," as the three girlish figures flitted away in the darkness.

Five—ten minutes elapsed, and Margaret rushed breathless into the sitting-room; an instant more, and Rose and Sophie joined her. They all looked very much excited and frightened.

Each looked at the other inquiringly; and Margaret began:

"I have really seen something very extraordinary—very strange. I do not know what to think of it. It could not have been a spirit—but—oh, how frightened I am, I will tell you all about it. I had scattered my hemp-seed and repeated my rhyme as Kitty directed, when looking behind me I saw, actually a figure in white, advancing towards me with a scythe, just as I had been predicted. I was so taken by surprise, and so frightened—for of course I did not believe Kitty's nonsense, that I had no power to run. I stood motionless with terror, while the figure approached nearer and nearer. It advanced step by step, as a man does in mowing, and I yet had no power to stir. At last it was behind me—close—I felt its touch and its breath on my cheek—and a voice whispered in my ear:

"Beware how you cast from you the love and devotion of a faithful heart. Young Alderthorn truly loves you—make him and yourself happy."

The sisters were silent. Margaret added "what makes it stranger is, that I knew well the voice that spoke—it was young Alderthorn's—and I know well that none but a spirit could imitate those tones so as to deceive me. But tell us Sophie—what happened to you? You are looking as pale as a lily."

Sophie held up her hand, on the third finger of which glittered an opal ring, which she had never worn before.

"Listen," said she, "I did just as you did Margaret; and looking over my shoulder as directed, I saw a vision. It was not moving as that you described, but it held a scythe in its hand, and when I first saw it, it was already by my side. It was clad in some kind of white mantle, and its features were quite visible in the moonlight. Sisters it was the face of Lieutenant Morton! He—or it—took my

hand, and put this ring upon my finger, saying solemnly as he did so,

"With this ring I wed thee,  
In death or in life,  
This token doth bind thee  
Forever my wife."

Margaret shuddered. What if her sister were wedded to a demon? She had heard of such things—and did not her own experience forbid her to be incredulous? With a sickening sensation of superstition, horror and apprehension she turned toward little Rose.—What had befallen that little child?

"I have seen a ghost," Rose began—Margaret clasped her hands and closed her eyes. Her pale face grew even whiter than before. Rose continued,

"I had sown my hemp seed, as you did sisters, and when I looked behind me, I saw the reaper coming after me with great strides—I started to run, but in my fright I stumbled and fell—and the ghost instantly sprang forward and raised me up—and—"

"And what, Rose?" asked Sophie and Margaret, eagerly.

"And it was Robert Bloomley," said Rose abruptly.

"How do you know? what makes you think so?" asked the sisters.

"Because he kissed me?" cried Rose hastily. Then overwhelmed by her own blundering speech, she hid her blushing face in her hands.

Margaret and Sophie were aghast. Here was a discovery.

Rose tried awkwardly enough to profit by the silence to amend her error.

"Ghosts don't kiss, you know," she timidly remarked.

"And Robert Bloomley does?" cried Sophie, laughing. "Oh, Rose, Rose, you little traitor, who would have expected this from you."

She looked keenly at Margaret as she spoke; Margaret met her glance with a look at once conscious and suspicious.

A light was beginning to break in upon them. They began to see that Rose was not the only traitor in the camp. They began also to suspect Kitty and see through her devices.

At last Sophie broke into a merry laugh.—"The fact is," she said, "mischievous Kitty has been playing us a trick, very saucy, and very clever. I understood it all now, and she has evidently understood as all this long time. How say you, Margaret? Are we justified in keeping our vows, when three ghosts come from their graves to bid us break them?"

Margaret turned aside her stately head with a blush and a smile, and gave no explicit answer. But I fancy she as well as the other sisters, were more satisfactory in their replies the next day, to the "three ghosts," who appeared in propria persona to plead their cause.

I need scarce say that, as Sophie had suggested, Kitty was at the bottom of these mysteries. Having, with her usual shrewdness, discovered the secret of each sister, she had despatched Thomas to summon the lovers in time to play the ghostly part assigned them.

Finally I would merely remark, that the whim of the "quare, head-strong odd body, Thomas" was perfectly true. All three sisters were married within a year.

Margaret entered with her husband into possession of a noble estate in the neighborhood. Sophie accompanied Lieutenant Morton to distant lands. But Rose, with her honest farmer settled down in the dear old homestead.

Kitty, now more important and more indulged than ever, and faithful old Thomas of course, remained with her.

Once a year, as often as it is within the bounds of possibility, the sisters meet under the old roof-tree. Every Halloween they assemble, as of old, round the cheerful wood fire, not perhaps roasting chestnuts, and talking girlish nonsense, but speaking of present happiness.

**RELIGION AND POLITICS.**—The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post says—"that if politics are so bad that religious men and ministers can not mingle in them without detriment to themselves and their holy cause, there is so much the more reason for their reformatory work. Most of those persons who are shocked that ministers will occasionally 'preach politics,' or apply great religious principles to the administration of the government, or because clergymen manifest an interest in moral and religious questions upon which political parties are also divided, are usually persons of very bad politics—commonly both. Men whose politics are very apt to scoff at any suggestion of comparison; and men whose religion is a housed-up Sabbath idol, never to be thought of or regarded on a week day, or applied to any of the business of life, undoubtedly will have a holy horror of making religion a practical thing."

**THE FRENCH DOCTORS** have discovered that ice is safer and better to use in surgical operations than chloroform. By the application of pounded ice and common salt to the diseased parts, thus causing numbness and insensibility, a Surgeon lately succeeded in removing a large tumor without giving the patient any pain, and occasioning very little loss of blood. The only inconvenience was, that the Doctor froze his fingers.

**THE STEAMER Susquehanna** has been ordered to Nicaragua.

CLEARFIELD, PA., MAY 28, 1856.

### KANSAS.

Another Letter from "John."  
COUNCIL CITY, April 14th, 1856.

REV. J. J. HAMILTON—My dear brother:—I am just going to write you a short letter, and a rough one, for I am coming out of an ague shake, and my hand is unsteady. I have not had the shakes much this spring, but the disease lingers in the system and is ready to break out at almost any time. It is the remains of the sickness of last August and September. Do not think that it is now unhealthy. The air seems so pure that it is a continual pleasure "to drink it in," as one of the settlers says. I don't look as if I had the ague, for I am quite fleshy, and proper care and diet will doubtless cure it altogether.

There are a good many emigrants coming in this spring. We hope for an emigration sufficiently large to determine by their mere pressure the political character of the State. But we have another trouble, which probably effects four-fifths of us; and that is inability to pay for our claims in July next. We have, many of us, used up enough money in squating, to have paid for our claims, could we have done so at first. Many of the expenses which we encountered, we could not well avoid. We were obliged to live on our claims to hold them. The law requires the settler to erect a dwelling, live in it, make it his home, and make other improvements. We expected, however, to get our money back by way of the crops which we hoped to raise. But the corn crop, which is the principal one on the spring breaking, was almost a failure last season, on account of the ravages of a worm. But we still expected at least another season in which to raise money to pay for our land. Many, who had been in other of the western States in their inception, expected two or more years yet. But we have another element to deal with, which is chattel slavery—a blight upon humanity and a mockery against God—and those who seek to profit by this element well know that the great body of us are unable to meet the demand for payment this season; and therefore they employed seventy-two surveying parties, last fall and winter, to rush through the survey, which we are told is very imperfectly done in consequence of such haste. Next we hear that the survey will be ready in June; and next, before even the land office is established, we hear that the President's proclamation is on the way, and will be published between the 20th of April and 1st of May, giving only three months from that time in which to pay for the land. And even this three months may be cut short for aught, I know. Now this haste hardly gives time for those who have money east, to procure it, and much less to negotiate for it. Besides, our letters are systematically delayed—at least we cannot otherwise explain it—and many of them destroyed. In accordance with these things, I hear that men around Lawrence even, and all through the territory, are selling their claims for whatever they can get, in anticipation of their inability to pay in time. The land sales, I also understand, are to be guarded by a military force. In short, since bullying has not overcome us, other means, every means is to be employed to crush us. In the language of Douglass, we, together with the whole North, are to be "subdued."

Now, we want that Northern men should be awake to these things. We want that capitalists should come here with money, and help us through. We will give them a share, if it must be so—\$300, or even \$400, for \$200, at 10 per cent., rather than to lose our claims. We want northern speculators to come and buy the land which is not pre-empted, if it must be bought by speculators. We want northern men to hold it. It is worth the buying—rich and beautiful. We do shake a little, but they shake worse in the other western States. And then our living is often enough to make any body shake. I should have said our want of living, for we have—but never mind. We want northern people to wake up. It is getting dark that I can't write, and I must take this two and a half miles before breakfast. I wrote to George, April 1st, and sent the letter by a Doctor Hall clear through Missouri. I hope he'll get that one. I urged him to come here at once and take a claim which is still untaken, next to the town. There is still some uncertainty about the town.—There will be a town in the settlement, not far from here. It may not be on the site of the A. S. C. But the capital will probably be here. At all events a claim in the settlement cannot be otherwise than valuable—worth several times the \$1.25.

People need not be afraid of prairie farms, even without fire-wood. Coal is abundant. Three claims joining we have it. My claim is all prairie, and yet I have stuck to it, when I could have had a timber claim, on account of its location. I have written thus to give you an idea of our condition here, generally; but in my own case, particularly. I am in hopes that some of those who were friendly to me in Clearfield, will help me to raise the money in time. I would come back and work it out, if there was no other way. I could send my note and bond to George for him to raise the money on. I cannot give a mortgage until I get the deed. Perhaps I shall be able to borrow the money here, but it is uncertain. There

are some moneyed men coming into the settlement this spring. A draft might be safely sent, and would be negotiable at Kansas City, Mo. But I would rather have some of our friends come themselves. I believe that money is to be made by having money at these land sales, either by lending it or buying land. If George don't come, perhaps his father will. He has not much else to do—he can let the boys take care of the farm. However, I would hate to have any of them come at my solicitation, and be disappointed; I would sooner lose my place. But I don't think that they would be. I will write to George or you as soon as the time of sale is positively known. Any one and every one who hates slavery and who can come here and buy land, should do so. Much as I dislike speculating in land, yet if it must be so, I want to see it fall into the hands of northern men. I should think that Clearfield might turn out some hundreds of thousands to invest in Kansas.

I wish you were here about a while. I have cherished the hope, with much satisfaction, of having you here yet. I would like if you had a farm beside me, and next to the town (prospective.) There are two dwellings in it, and preparation for more—shops, &c. The title is not secured, and this is the main difficulty at present. We have a Presbyterian minister here—a Swiss Frenchman, who can hardly speak English. Of course his preaching is not very profitable, but he is an honest little brother. He lives next me, and like the rest of us, is unable to pay for his claim in time. Every body thought we would have a year after the public sale. This was a mistake.

I am told that pro-slavery agents have noted us and all the circumstances respecting our claims, so as to be ready to take every advantage of us in the claim business. I also understand that they are endeavoring to put such a construction on the law as to prevent pre-empting since the survey. It seems impossible that they can do so. I don't know.

Do write. I have received no word from any of you since about the middle of Feb. We had a thunder shower this morning. The trees are leaving out—oh, how lovely it is.—The grass is up, and the wheat looks fine—where the cattle were fenced off. I stood in my cabin door a few days since and shot three prairie hens! fat and nice! They are plenty, but usually shy. I have found the end of the sheet, writing by fire-light. So, brother, good bye. I don't mean to be too much cast down, if I do lose my claim.

Your own,  
JOHN.

**KANSAS AFFAIRS.**—A despatch from St. Louis, evidently manufactured by the border ruffians, says that Sheriff Jones was convalescent on the 14th. Judge Fane, of Georgia, had been appointed Sheriff, until Jones should resume his duties. It was reported that Judge Fane had been shot at twice.

George F. Brown, editor of the Herald of Freedom, who was arrested while endeavoring to leave the Territory. Gov. Reeder had fled, but it was thought would be re-captured.

It was said there were 1,500 men at Lawrence, armed with Sharp's rifles, with a strongly fortified breastwork and two pieces of artillery, who declare that they will resist all attempts at their arrest.

About 1,000 men have responded to the marshal's proclamation, and are encamped in the vicinity of Lawrence and Leecompton, the avowed purpose being to compel the people of Lawrence to acknowledge the territorial laws.

A despatch from Washington states that the Kansas Congressional Commission forwarded, by Gov. Robinson, a large quantity of testimony taken by them, enclosing it in a sealed package addressed to the Speaker. On Gov. Robinson's detention at Lexington, Mo., his wife, at his request, continued her journey. At Columbus, Ohio, she handed the package to the Hon. C. K. Watson, one of the Committee on Elections, who delivered it to the Speaker privately.

The Commissioners request that it may remain with the seal unbroken until their return. This is the testimony which it is said the Missourians threatened to destroy.

The Leecompton Union, a Kansas pro-slavery paper, of the 8th, confirms the telegraphic report that Reeder, Robinson, and other Free State men, have been indicted by the Grand Jury in the United States District Court for the First District of Kansas. They acted under the instructions of Judge Leecompton.

A couple of subscribers have addressed us a letter from Tennessee insisting that we should devote no more time to the castigation of our neighbor of the Democrat. Very well, but we cannot help thinking with the immortal poet, that

"Things have come to a de'il of a pass  
When a man can't wallop his own jackass."  
Louisville Journal.

"Ah," said a wisely father to his son William, "heartly breakfasts kill one half of the world, and tremendous breakfasts the other half." I suppose," retorted William, "that the true liver is only those who die of hunger."

A gentleman in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage money, if there was any danger of being blown up. "Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

### A FEARFUL ADVENTURE.

The Missouri Republican, in a letter from a Kansas correspondent, has the following:

At St. Joseph I saw Mr. A. T. Gorman, of New York, who had just come in from the mountains in such a state of prostration and affliction as could only have been occasioned by such exposure, hardship, and suffering as perhaps no other man ever survived. In company with a Canadian Frenchman and two Kentuckians he left the country of the Black Feet Indians last fall to join Culiverson and party at Fort Pierre and accompany them to the States. They arrived at Fort Pierre two days after Culiverson's departure, and hastened on after in the hope of overtaking him.

On the third day one of these snow storms known only on those bleak and elevated regions opened upon them. It came down in solid masses to the depth of four feet, and was blown about by drifting winds, levelling uneven places, penetrating and filling their wagons and clothes, and obstructing their progress. Evening was approaching, and they resolved to make one effort to reach a more protected place before the night set in. They urged their horses forward, but had not proceeded more than a few hundred yards, Gorman being mounted on one of the teamsters and his companion in the wagon, when suddenly he felt himself precipitated, he knew not how far, into an abyss of snow. He was completely covered over, and could not tell which way to turn. He struggled on, however, making a slow and tedious way, until he came to the surface, he supposed a hundred yards from where he sank. He looked around for his companions, but neither they nor the wagon could be seen. The place where they had fallen into the chasm was smoothed over and presented a plain of snow. He called aloud for them, but was only answered by wild and wailing winds.

A feeling of dread and desolation and despair came over him, and he was about to yield himself to that death which seemed inevitable. Already had the cold penetrated his frame; darkness was covering the skies; the increasing winds whirled the falling snow more furiously, he was alone in a vast, inhospitable, unknown country, without provisions, without shelter, without ammunition or arms, and he was fearful to take a step in any direction lest he should be buried in a deep abyss. His manhood was subdued, he wept like a child; the memories of his happy home and of his mother came fresh upon him. He knew the many anxious hours, the miserable years, that his unknown fate would cause her. If he could only send one word of affectionate adieu he could die in peace; but that could not be, and he must rouse himself.

He offered his first prayer for heavenly aid. He arose and moved forward through the darkness and the drifts. He some times fell of exhaustion, and felt inclined to repose; but he knew that one moment's pause was fatal, and he struggled on. The next day he saw some bushes, which gave him hope of rest and warmth, but when he reached them he found to his dismay that the matches in his pocket were wet and spoiled, and could not be ignited. His feet had become so sore and swollen from constant walking as to burst the soles from his shoes, and he was compelled to crawl and tumble along. Thus he worked his way slowly but unceasingly through the next night and the day, becoming more faint each hour, and suffering a thousand deaths from hunger, thirst, frosted limbs, sore feet, weariness, and drowsiness, when he described a hut a short way off.

Suddenly revived, like a candle flickering in the socket, he sprang and ran forward a few steps and screamed for help, and fell senseless in the snow. Some Indians at the hut heard and saw him, and went and brought him in, and used all their restoratives upon him; but it was several days before he returned to consciousness, and six long weeks before he left his bed. He lost several of his toes and is otherwise injured, but, through the assistance of some generous gentlemen of St. Joseph, he will be enabled to reach home. His companions have never been heard of.

**ORIGIN OF A CURRENT ADAGE.**—All of our readers have doubtless heard the saying that "Nine tailors make a man." Possibly, however, some of them would like to know the origin of the saying. Here it is:—

"In 1742 an orphan beggar-boy appeared for alms at a tailor shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed. His forlorn but intelligent appearance touched the hearts of the tailors, who gave him a shilling each. With this capital the young hero purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit. From this beginning, by industry and perseverance, he rose to distinction and usefulness. When his carriage was built, he caused to be painted on the panel, 'Nine tailors made me a man.'"

We once heard of an Irishman who was seen busy with a file, working away at a piece of silver. "What are you doing there, Pat?" inquired some one.—"Shure, an' I'm thyring to file down some one.—Shure, an' I'm thyring to file down a five sint pice into a sixp."—

An Irish witness was recently asked what he knew of the prisoners character for truth and veracity. "Why, troth, since iver I've known her, she's kept the house clean and decent."